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W. R. HEARST.

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CAPITAL
IS
WAITING.

One of the stock arguments against the rapid transit project used to be that financial success was so uncertain that capital could not be induced to go into it. This had considerable force when construction depended wholly upon the risks of private capital, but the use of the city's credit to reduce these risks and the fixed charges that must be met before profit accrues that capital is now waiting for its chance. At least one strong syndicate has made every preparation to take the contract to construct the road at the city's expense, and to equip and operate it at its own expense, under an obligation, bound by \$5,000,000 security, to pay the interest on the city bonds and provide a sinking fund for the liquidation of the principal within the contract term of fifty years.

A provisional organization has been formed and has been laying its plans under the advice of Mr. Charles Sooy-Smith, one of the most eminent civil engineers in the country, and one of the most successful experts in underground construction. He testified before the Supreme Court Commission that the underground road as planned was unquestionably feasible and could be constructed within the estimated cost of \$35,000,000, and he stands ready now to stake his professional reputation on the success of the undertaking by becoming the consulting engineer of a would-be contracting company of undoubted responsibility.

The Journal has repeatedly shown that there was no force in the debt limit argument, and the old objection as to the reluctance of capital to go into such an enterprise has been dissipated. The opposition, apart from the covetousness of Brooklyn for an over-generous slice of the credit of New York, comes wholly from the elevated roads, which desire to maintain a monopoly of long distance travel in the city. The surface railroad magnates admit that the development springing from rapid transit would benefit them, and in the long run they would benefit the elevated roads, too, if they improved their facilities and reformed their methods.

The tremendous benefit to the people and to the city is beyond all question, and it should be remembered that it will cost the city nothing and leave it in possession of a property of vast value. Under the contract, both interest and principal of the bonds would be paid from the earnings of the system, and after the expiration of the first term it would be a permanent source of revenue. This is in addition to the accommodation of the public travel and a vast increase in the values from which taxes are derived. The Appellate Division surely will not fail to take account of these benefits.

AN
IMPOTENT
COMMISSION.

The chief significance of the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, just issued, lies in the admission that the law is effective for the purpose for which it was framed, and the commission is powerless to give it better effect.

Whether it is due to defects in the act of Congress or to a disposition of the United States courts to favor the railroad corporations, it is a fact that the life has been slowly extracted from the Interstate Commerce law by judicial decisions.

It has been held that the commission can do nothing to enforce its own decrees, but must turn all cases of violation over to the authorities of the Department of Justice, and that the officers and agents of offending corporations cannot be compelled to testify or to produce books. This opens the way to evasions which cannot be checked.

The commission can set no maximum or minimum limit to rates, and the shifting of schedules is unrestricted, so that unjust discrimination becomes easy in spite of the declared intent of the law to prevent it. The long and short haul restriction has been practically nullified by such a construction of the phrase "like circumstances and conditions" as gives the railroad managers full discretion to fix higher rates for a shorter than for a longer distance.

The palpable fact is that the regulation of interstate traffic by railroad is a failure under the present law, and the great corporations regulate it to suit themselves, except in the matter of pooling, and they are demanding a change in the law to restore that privilege.

This is on the way to become a burning question again.

NOT
EASILY
EMBARRASSED.

Our Jocular contemporary, the Evening Post, endeavors to embarrass the Republicans by quoting the plank of the St. Louis platform which declares that the Hawaiian Islands should be "controlled," not annexed, by the United States. But that is not as embarrassing as the plank which declares that our policy should be to give independence to Cuba, and the Republican leaders seem able to bear up very well under that.

MUNICIPAL
ART WORKS
HEREAFTER.

It has been finally settled that the Soldiers' and Sailors' memorial, in the form contemplated in the accepted design, cannot be placed upon the site officially designated for it. This means practically that another site and another design must be selected, and the whole affair will go over the New Year.

Then under the charter there will be a competent Art Commission to settle all questions of the acceptance and location by the city of works of art, including statues, monuments, fountains and other structures "intended for ornament or commemoration." This commission will consist of the Mayor, presidents of the Metropolitan Museum, the new Public Library and the Brooklyn Institute, a painter, a sculptor and an architect, and three others to be appointed by the Mayor from a list proposed by the Fine Arts Federation. This insures the character and competency of the commission, and there will be no more artistic monstrosities purchased or accepted as gifts by the city, and no more misplacing of statues and monuments. There is a provision in the charter which may be made a genuine boon if proper advantage is taken of it. With the approval of the Art Commission the Mayor may cause the "immediate removal

or relocation of any existing work of art," whenever it is by him "deemed necessary." Under this provision the rheumatic Burns, the rampant Bolivar, the dwarfish Thorwaldsen, and the commonplace effigies of departed nobodies may be retired to crypts underground, and their places taken by real works of art intended for ornament or commemoration. There are comforting possibilities of relief in this.

BROOKLYN'S
STREETS
SAVED.

"Anybody can obtain a temporary restraining order against anybody else. Such orders amount to nothing, and constant applications for them are a frivolous abuse of the processes of the courts." That is the reflection with which the organs of the corporations that have been endeavoring to confiscate the public property of New York and Brooklyn have consoled themselves for the checks their patrons have suffered at the hands of the journalism of action.

But unfortunately for the corporate raiders, the Journal's temporary injunctions have a way of becoming permanent. In no case has one of them been dissolved upon argument. The most brilliant success of all has just been scored in the action of Judge Van Wyck in making permanent the injunction that saved forty miles of street to the people of Brooklyn. This is the case in which ex-Senator Hill, employed by the Journal to defend the rights of the public, delivered such a luminous exposition of the principles of the law.

If the perpetual franchises granted by the reckless Brooklyn Aldermen had once been allowed to go into effect, the interests of the people would have been irreparably damaged. In such affairs possession is more than nine points of the law—it is everything. If tracks and pipes had once been laid the corporations would have acquired vested rights, illegal as the action of the Aldermen was, that probably could never have been disturbed. At all events, they could have held on for year after year while endless litigation dragged through court after court, and the streets would have been hopelessly lost to the people. But the Journal intervened with the summary process of injunction, and the scheme died in infancy. It is the public now that holds possession, and the public, therefore, that has the nine points of the law. The corporations have not been able to turn a cobblestone in the streets, and in two weeks from tomorrow the power of the Brooklyn Aldermen for evil will be gone forever, and no municipal authority will be left that will have even a color of authority to grant a perpetual franchise.

The journalism that acts has acted to some purpose.

BLESSED ARE
THE
PEACEMAKERS.

Mr. Towns, the attorney for the wife-beating matinee idol, Ratcliffe, is one of those sweet souls whose mission is to clear up the little misunderstandings that sometimes disturb the course of marital happiness. He reconciled the Ratcliffes a year ago, telling the offended wife that it was not well for married people, with children, to "fly off the hooks at every little thing." And yet, after all this good advice, the lady subsequently flew off the hooks again on account of a few little things like these:

Mr. Ratcliffe struck Mrs. Ratcliffe with his fist and knocked her against a bracket, bending it. After that they sat down to dinner, and I heard him calling her vile names and cursing her.

Just as I went into the dining room again he sprang up, choked her and threw her upon the floor. He seized her hair in both hands, and tried to dash her brains out. He kicked her many times. We both screamed, and at length he went away. Blood was on the tablecloth, and she wiped her bleeding face with napkins.

Next day Mrs. Ratcliffe had a black eye, and her body was bruised all over, and her throat was marked, and her face was scratched.

Two weeks before that he had beaten and struck her and he was always calling her vile names and cursing her. It is a pity that a wife who is inclined to fret over trifles cannot always have a philosophical lawyer by her side to teach her the beauty of bearing the little trials of domestic life with a sunny smile.

GERMANY
TO
"STRIKE OUT."

Prince Henry of Germany, with his war ships, sets out for far Cathay "for the protection of the cross" and the promotion of commerce, followed by the blessing of cardinals and archbishops and the emphatic godspeed of the Emperor.

After telling how his august grandfather and the Iron Chancellor established the Empire, and how German trade has spread abroad until it needs protection in distant lands, the mighty "war lord" remarked that his "countrymen abroad," whether "priests or merchants," should have the protection of the Empire as represented by the imperial war ships. And to the departing Henry he said: "Should, however, any one ever affront us in our good rights, then strike out with your mailed fist."

Aye, it is easy for that mailed fist to "knock out" little black Hayti, and it may make a punching bag of flabby China for its exercise, but how if Germany should encounter somebody of its size, with fleets and squadrons? Would there be such brave talk and such fervid blessings for him that putteth on the harness? The present bold front in so big a power is not impressive.

THE
PERSECUTION OF
TOURISTS.

The Republican members of the House Committee on Ways and Means have intimated that they are so well satisfied with the customs schedules of the Dingley law that they do not propose to alter them in any way. This is an example of rare self-abnegation, for the persistence of the unreformed Dingley law through the next Congressional campaign is likely to work havoc with the political aspirations of some of the committee-men.

But if Mr. Dingley's accomplices are determined to commit political suicide, they might at least preserve their self-respect by shearing off some of the most ignoble features of the law with which they have resolved to go down. There is the provision, for instance, that levies duty on the wearing apparel of American travellers in excess of \$100. A great Government has hardly ever resorted to such shabby means of accomplishing such small results. If there were any adequate returns for the humiliation in the way of revenue, the case would not be so bad, but there is not. Our Government simply makes an exhibition of itself for the benefit of a

jeering world and gets nothing for it. The annoyance it inflicts on its victims, who have to submit to seeing their trunks viscerated and their most intimate garments dragged out for public appraisal, is entirely disproportionate to the amount of money extracted from them. It is well enough for luxuries, but everybody must wear clothes, and a returning traveller should not be punished for coming home with a reasonable equipment.

WILL THEY
STEAL
THE BRIDGE?

Police-men have been set to watch the Brooklyn end of the Bridge to prevent the trolley companies from connecting their tracks across the plaza before the question of their rights in the matter has been settled. It is said that they were expecting the injunction to be dissolved which prevents them from running the death loop through the New York terminal, and that they were trying to steal a march and have the Brooklyn connection completed so as to jump in and set the juggernaut going before they could be stopped again.

It seems that nothing but a close watch will prevent these corporate freebooters from stealing the whole Bridge roadway for their own use and making it as dangerous as possible to get to the promenade. If they are counting upon getting rid of the arm of the law which has been interposed to protect the public, they are reckoning without their host. There is no probability of the removal of the injunction, but even that would not end the fight for the people's rights.

Mr. Grosvenor, in order to justify his action on the civil service question, found it necessary to call attention to the manner in which the Administration was ignoring the Cuban plank of the St. Louis platform. President McKinley will be sure to regard this out of his figure maker as belonging to the unkind variety.

Secretary Gage proposes to reduce the pay of incompetent employees of the department over which he presides. The Chicago financial institution of which Mr. Gage is the responsible head would hardly be so lenient with incompetent clerks.

In his effort to secure a change in the rules of the Senate which will permit that body to transact business Hon. William E. Mason will have a great opportunity to exploit one of the pet hobbies of Hon. David B. Hill.

It is believed that a great many of the inflammatory speeches made in Congress can be traced directly to the disturbing qualities of Speaker Reed's flaming red necktie.

Mr. Dingley continues to postpone the date for the Treasury surplus with all the grace employed by those who have had experience in standing off bill collectors.

It is believed that the United States Senate will be able to serve itself with the liquor it chooses to consume without resorting to statesmanship of the Raines school.

Now that Murderer Durrant is the recipient of another death sentence the work of securing new evidence will be renewed with the old time vigor.

Hon. Nelson Dingley is now engaged in the unpleasant task of trying to make a number of lame explanations account for a batch of rosy predictions.

The decision of the court in the Indianapolis street railway case shows that the corporations are still located at the pleasant end of the vested rights theory.

They have secured a new jury in the Luetgert case and a new batch of Mrs. Luetgerts has been discovered for its edification.

An acquired taste frequently results in an acquired headache.

EQHOES FROM THE JOURNALS.

Saccharine Opposition to Annexation.
Without prejudice to the Sugar Trust, it may be said that there is more suggestion of sweetness than of light in the change of certain statesmen's attitude toward Hawaii.—Detroit Tribune.

The Enterprising Americans of Hawaii.
By opponents of annexation, the Americans of Hawaii are slanderously described as adventurers and filibusters. On the contrary, they are generally men either born here, or long and permanently identified with the islands; quiet, enterprising and diligent, who have wholly created the wealth they own, and who were compelled to assume control of the Government in order to save the country from the ignorance and caprice of a corrupt monarchy. Under their five years of administration Hawaii has wonderfully prospered and developed, and no class has more prospered, than the native Hawaiians themselves.—Honolulu Correspondence Washington Star.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Our Feeling Toward England.

To the Editor of the Journal:
In regard to our feeling of hatred toward England which "W. J." deprecated in your issue of to-day, and follows it up with the request that "we should extend to her the hand of good fellowship she so truly offers us," I should like to tell him that the reason America dislikes England is because England and Englishmen dislike us and our country, and take every occasion to show it. Their criticisms of our public men and of our politics generally are insulting in the last degree. If we have trouble with any other nation on the face of the globe, England will espouse the cause of that nation against us and ridicule our incompetency. It was thus with our trouble with Chili. It is thus in our trouble with Spain. It is thus in the matter of Hawaii. It was thus in the threatened complications with Japan. The animosity of our navy and the smallness of our army are alike ridiculed, and they speak of us as a nation of brag and bluster only.

The London Globe said recently:
"The shuffling, violent and insolent policy pursued toward this country at Washington. * * * America is the insignificant upstart, and the big boy who could swallow him at a mouthful is England."
The London Daily Mail said, October 3:
"Americans can only afford to burn powder in the ornamental fireworks which commemorate Independence Day. Her navy is very decorative at a Spitzhead review, but not very effective when confronted with the problem of fighting."
It is this "W. J." means by "extending the hand of good fellowship!" England and Englishmen extend the hand of good fellowship to Americans who are prepared to ridicule their country and to deery its institutions, and to them only, and to say, with Bayard—whom the Daily Telegraph described as not an American, but an "English gentleman"—that we are a "headstrong and violent people, who need a strong man to govern us."

New York, Dec. 16, 1897. J. M. WALL.

"Improving" the Palisades.

To the Editor of the Journal:
Being a constant reader of the Journal I am aware that it is championing a movement to save the Palisades of the Hudson River as they exist to-day from so-called destruction. But I assume that the Journal, being fair minded, will consent to hear something on the other side. I do not view the blasting and carrying away of endless tons of the trap rock of which the Palisades are composed as an ultimate injury. I will admit that the work should, if possible, be under control of a commission (Joint New York and New Jersey), which shall formulate plans for the permanent improvement of the Palisades. If the work can be carried on so as to make terraces, roads, rivers and horseback paths, building parks, pleasure grounds, drives, etc., it will be a very decided improvement upon its present unimproved, or partially improved, condition. Such an improvement as I have thus hastily and imperfectly outlined will not destroy the beauty of the Palisades nor render them less healthful or picturesque, but will be such a desirable change as was made by the natural beauties of Central, Monticue and Riverside parks, while the untold millions of tons of valuable rock which will be quarried therefrom will be utilized in helping to improve and build up New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken and all the scope of country immediately back of or opposite to the Palisades. After eight years' residence in New York City, and very many visits to the Palisades, with much study of the question, I formed the opinion which I have so crudely set forth years before the Journal took up the story it now advocates. And, therefore, I ask a reconsideration, with the hope that the Journal will not attempt to stay "the casual hand of progress," but lend its mighty aid to help, and not hinder, the march of improvement.

ULYSSES.

Alan Dale Discusses the
Revival of "Rose Michel."

THE offering at the Murray Hill Theatre this week is eminently interesting. It is a pleasant fact to chronicle, for the efforts of the uncooked young students of Mr. McKee Rankin's school have not up to the present been conducive to felicitous results. Their gambols in various plays that have had artistic interpreters have not contributed to the happiness of the community.

This week, however, "Rose Michel" has been revived, and the ranks of the aspirants to stock company honors have been recruited by the sterling presence of Rose Eyttinge, while Mr. Rankin himself has elected to play the part of Pierre Michel. With Rose Eyttinge and McKee Rankin in dramatic tete-a-tete, you can imagine a highly edifying series of episodes. A hundred unseasoned amateurs could not spoil this capital duet. I sat and watched their work yesterday in sheer undiluted admiration, forgetful of dingy scenery and a hideously irrelevant audience. I had never seen "Rose Michel" before—although I am quite aware that it is exceedingly sinful to admit that fact—but as I have never in my life looked upon a dramatic representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and various other "standard works," I trust that I shall be pardoned.

There must be hundreds of young people in this city who have never enjoyed the Union Square Theatre's old success. To those who have never seen "Rose Michel," I say, go at once, while it is at the Murray Hill. There isn't a dramatic presentation in the city half as interesting, nor two such completely admirable examples of the sincere art of acting as those offered by Miss Eyttinge and Mr. Rankin. These two people carry the engrossing old play upon their shoulders, and thrill you with the methods of other days, slightly flavored with the more artistic ideas of to-day.

Both Mr. Rankin and Miss Eyttinge are too valuable to be condemned to the unsatisfactory pastime of teaching young ideas how to shoot. It seems like the very irony of fate to even imagine them "giving lessons." Mr. Rankin's work as Pierre at the Murray Hill, and Miss Eyttinge's splendid performance of Rose should attract all students. Most of the full-fledged actors of to-day could gain valuable points from this twain, and not a few "stars" could improve themselves. The actor and the actress should both be improving the shining hours on Broadway, instead of wasting their time among a flock of ill-mannered, unappreciative people who laugh without any provocation, and appear anxious to reduce Mr. Rankin and Miss Eyttinge to the level of the stock company itself.

Rose Eyttinge's impersonation of the maternal heroine is an old story to many. It was a new one to me, and all I can say is that if the old-time audiences of the Union Square Theatre were treated to an interpretation such as I saw yesterday—then we are not progressing. We are indeed retrograding. Our most fastidious stock companies, in which the art of modern acting, with all the modern improvements and the examples of Eleonora Duse and Minnie Maddern Fiske to enlighten them could find no flaws in Rose Eyttinge, "Rose Michel" is a study that is worth investigating. The only symptoms of "old time" work that it contains are perhaps an occasionally too-melodramatic utterance. As a general thing, however, Miss Eyttinge might be a product of our most enlightened and advanced theatre. On Broadway she would have had her audience entranced. At the Murray Hill, they were not quite certain whether it was right to succumb to her skill. Constant doses of the undiluted efforts of the stock company have perhaps ruined the appreciative powers of the east siders.

McKee Rankin's character work as

Pierre was absorbingly fascinating. In every little detail it showed the consummate master of artistic stage effect, and as I said before, his scenes with Miss Eyttinge could not be injured by an army of amateurs. When Pierre and Rose were on the stage, you felt that there was something, after all, in the palaver about the days that have gone by. You saw real, unsmirking, self-conscious, un-fake acting, in which the people before you seemed to feel that which they portrayed, and to forget that they were playing to a matinee house that would probably have preferred the Messrs. Canfield and Richards in their classic "My Boys."

It is scarcely necessary to allude to the company itself. It was less cautious than when I saw it in "The Iron Master" and "Leah," the never-but-ought-to-be-forsaken. With Mr. Rankin and Miss Eyttinge as living examples, I really don't see why these young people shouldn't improve. Of course, appearances are very much against them. They are generally cast for the roles of barons, and counts, and titled folks of the haute noblesse. They don't look it. Their aspect is so thoroughly Sixth Avenue-ish that they start in hand-capped.

George Friend, as the Baron de Belleville, showed some symptoms of "arriving." His work was a little more vigorous and unawkward than I expected it to be. Perhaps Mr. Rankin urged him on to self-forgetfulness. At any rate, the scene just before he went to his assassination was not at all bad. Andrew Robson, as the Count de Verna, had a few moments when he nearly acted. Thomas Tether was a dreadful figure as "the father," and played the part without the slightest "character." Much depends upon this part, Mr. Tether seemed to be too long for the stage. H. A. Wenner shone conspicuously amid his surroundings in the role of the Baron de Marsan. The other men need no mention. I advise them to study their "stars."

Miss Lucille Varna, as the tear-washed Louise, was quite destitute of any emotional qualities. It must have been very hard work not to be emotional in the presence of Miss Eyttinge's maternal picture. Miss Varna succeeded, however, in making Louise as hard and dry as a block of wood. Miss Helen Boris and Miss Lucille Flavin, as a countess and a baroness respectively, were extremely dingy ladies, quite lacking in even Sarah Anne's idea of aristocratic behavior. It seems rather a pity to give these young people so much blue-blooded work to do. The amateur actor does not take kindly to blue blood. It is not easy to portray a facile dignity and a "haughty" insolence in a weekly change of bill.

"Rose Michel," however, in spite of all, should lure people from all parts of the city, not in the expectation of seeing an artistic ensemble, or any but the most inconsequential of scenic displays, but in the certainty of looking upon a virile actor and a sovereign actress in a play that has not aged. Who can talk slightly of the antiquity of "Rose Michel" and point out one example of a melodrama new to this season that surpasses it?

Occasionally revivals come in very apropos. Some are good when we want to see how intensely we have improved; others are good when we care to acknowledge that we have retrograded. "Rose Michel" belongs to the latter class.

The Murray Hill audiences need chastisement. They can laugh at "La Dame aux Camelias," they can find risible opportunities in "Rose Michel." The much-vaunted courtesy of New York gatherings is quite foreign to them. I wonder why it is. I can think of no other reason than that the young people of the stock company whose tuition they have been asked to watch, have instilled into them the art of "guying." This week, at any rate, they should be on their party behavior.

Complications of Three
Very Clever People.

"NOTHING to do Thursday," said I, reflectively, looking at my calendar. "Thank heaven, there's always Reggie!"

"Mr. Beatty" cried the butler, and Reggie came in with a smile on his face and an envelope in his hand.

"I've just had a charming note," he said. I held out my hand to him with a tender, responsive glance.

"It's from Mrs. Poultney Pryor," he explained. "She wants me to dine there Thursday evening."

"Oh! Are you going?"

"Why, of course."

"I'm so glad," I exclaimed. "Indeed! Well, this is what she writes: 'I want the cleverest man I know to meet the clever woman of our set.' She writes well, doesn't she?"

"You mean the penmanship?" said I. Reggie folded up the note and returned it to the envelope, quite as though he hadn't heard me. Then he said:

"There are reasons why a man may want to meet a clever woman. One is, that she's a relief."

"You mean from the stupid ones?"

"Not at all," said Reggie, promptly. "One doesn't want to be relieved from stupid women, God bless em! A stupid woman is a relaxation, because a man may talk what nonsense he pleases. A clever woman is a relief because he needn't talk at all."

"And a woman who is neither very clever nor yet very stupid—just—"

"She's always a woman!" exclaimed Reggie.

"Therefore, you're going to meet the cleverest of her set? I'm so glad!"

"You remarked that once before. May I ask why?" said Reggie, in just the tone I wanted.

"Well, you see, it leaves me free," I said, in order that he might realize that other people are somewhat in demand.

"Free?"

"Yes; free to dine with Dick—Dick Garvin—and his sister, of course. I'm so hard to get these days, you know, but Thursday—oh, I'm so glad, Reggie, we're not like those stupid people who want to be together every minute."

"Yes," said Reggie, "we're not stupid." A day or two after this, and exactly twenty-one hours after the date set for Mrs. Poultney Pryor's dinner, Reggie was seated in my library.

"Sugar?" I asked.

"One lump," he answered.

"Lemon, of course?"

It was snowing outside, and we talked about the weather, about the last new picture, about the beauty of a certain young actress. I suggested the subjects in order to let him see I had forgotten all about the dinner.

"Now, you want to hear about the din-

ner," said Reggie, interrupting me.

"The dinner?"

"Yes, you know Mrs. Poultney's. And tell me about—what's his name—Garvin?"

"Oh, well, we dined. And Mrs. Poultney's? I suppose it was like all other dinners."

"Not at all. The clever man met the cleverest woman."

"Yes, I remember the well written note!"

"I found a number of stupid people there—that's probably the reason you were not invited. Mrs. Poultney thought the rest didn't matter. But they did!"

" weren't there enough stupid women to relax?"

"Yes, but—"

"Wasn't the clever woman clever enough to relieve?"

"Listen," cried Reggie, jumping to his feet. "At dinner we were seated opposite each other. She's pretty, very pretty!"

"For a clever woman?"

"For any woman. I swallowed my oysters without exerting myself to remark anything unusual."

"No one is expected to order oysters."

"I drank my soup silently, thinking, by the way, that Mrs. Poultney has an excellent cook. Every now and then I looked toward my vis-a-vis. Every time I looked I caught her eye. She contrived only to the pauses. I concluded she needed time—wine—food in order to be braced up. You know some women are that way. But time went, wine and food came and poor Mrs. Poultney chattered as only a stupid woman."

"Who writes well?"

"M—yes, who writes well, can. But the pauses. I wondered how she could ever have acquired a reputation for cleverness. I reflected, however, that she might be learned in the dead languages, or she might be an inventor, or she might be endowed with some hidden talent. You know you never can tell. I made up my mind I'd ask Mrs. Poultney when I had the chance. Very soon after dinner she took her leave. It happened to be at the very moment that I was going. In fact, we went down the steps together—she with her maid."

"Mayn't I see you to your carriage?" said I.

"I have none; I live just around the corner," she answered, at No. 671.

"Two women alone—it seemed proper to see them to their door. So I did."

"We walked along silently till we got very near to No. 671. Then I said suddenly, 'I must confess with some superiority, they told me you were clever—very clever.'"

"She looked me gravely in the eyes under the light of a street lamp and made answer, with not so much as an instant's pause. 'That's what they told me about you.'"

"So you saw she was!" said I with a merry laugh.

"By the way," said Reggie as I helped him to more tea, "I rather like Dick Garvin—he was one of the stupid ones at the dinner!"

EMMA KEMP.

The Love That
Hibernates.

DEAR sweetheart—Long ago I told you that Winter would chase us out of Central Park, and you sighed and said you knew it. And now you insist upon meeting me every afternoon at the swan boat landing!

That's just like a blast—I mean, sweet little woman, always tender and loving, but inclined to be unreasonable. You may well know, sweetheart, what we decided upon several weeks back. For some reason your folks denied me the house, but for what heaven only knows. I don't. Then my landlady rented her parlor to a female dentist, and that settled it. As you once remarked, there were no rocking chairs in the Park, but we were happy just the same. Then when the ice season arrived we were to think of each other and write often, until Summer came again. Don't you remember?

No, I am not trying to shake you. Great Scott! don't you get my letters? What more do you want? The idea of me having another girl is ridiculous. Haven't I often said that you alone filled my heart? Yes, love in a woman's breast does burn with a fierce flame and is more constant than the divine passion in the soul of man. I'll admit that. Perhaps it is for this reason I decline to sit three hours daily on a pea green bench by the shores of a frozen lake holding your hand.

Forgive me, dear, if this sounds sarcastic. I don't intend to be, but then your nagging irritates me in spite of myself. That's because I'm a wicked brute and have no heart, and you are the best and dearest girl in all the world. I miss you terribly. Sometimes the wind in Central Park blows sixty miles an hour, with the thermometer at zero.

No, I never will forget those delightful afternoons in the open bower with the vine-covered roof and the birds twittering overhead. Those were the happiest moments of my life, and we never quarrelled once. The barrel organ on the carousel at the other side of the drive did grow monotonous, and there were too many nurse girls around. But you did look pretty—I always said that—particularly the day you came out with the new hat. I can see you at this minute and hear the music in your voice. Several people were found frozen to death in the Park last Winter.